



Marjorie Evelyn Martin
230 Waverley Road, Toronto, Ont.

A woman's work, grave sirs, is never done. - Eusden

Marion Cicely Maynard
3997 West 10th Avenue, Vancouver, B. C.

Let ignorance talk as it will,
learning has its value. - De La Fontaine

Katherine Letha Meilicke
3738 Selkirk Avenue, Vancouver, B. C.

To know that which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom. - Milton

Muriel Louise Isabel Nelles
223 McLeod Street, Ottawa, Ont.

Life has loveliness to sell -- all beautiful
and splendid things. - Teasdale



Helen Mildred Plaunt
340 Laura Avenue, Sudbury, Ont.



Mary Margaret Quance
Delhi, Ontario



Gwynneth Schenk
92 Seymour Street, Halifax, N. S.



Eunice Jean Thomas
603 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont.

Sigh'd and look'd unutterable things. - Thompson

There was a sound of revelry by night. - Byron

Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower. - Tennyson

Not in rewards but in the strength to strive
the blessing lies. - Trowbridge



"The Junior Class"

Tune: "Row, row, row your boat".

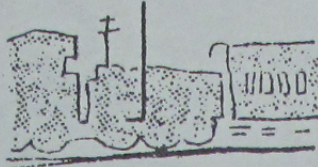
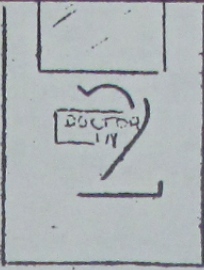
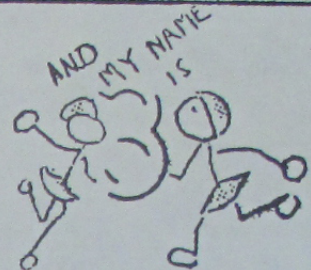


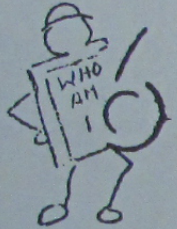
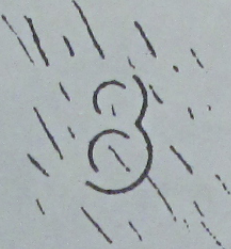
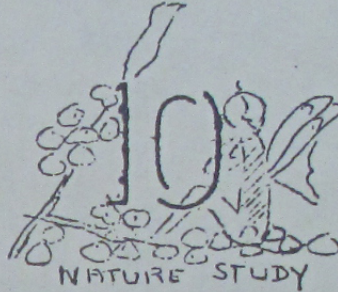




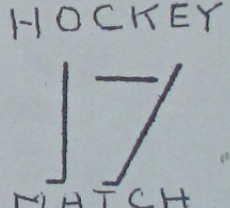


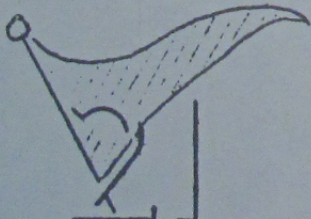



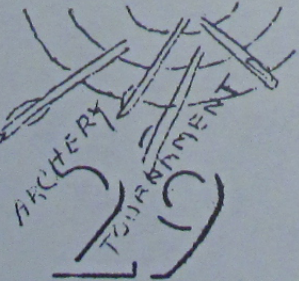
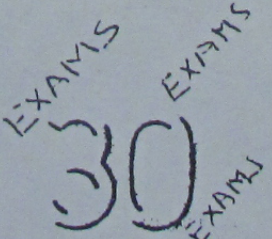
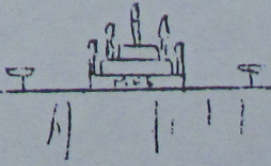

We are the Junior class,
And here's what we can do,
Arch, and run, and jump, and swim,
And paddle a canoe.

We've spent a month at Couchiching.
We've had a perfect staff,
But when they sing "O Canada!"
We cannot help but laugh.

And before we leave this camp,
We all would like to say,
That when we get our fifteen kids,
We'll all come back to stay.

SEPTEMBER

1937

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			 ARRIVAL			 TAKING IT EASY
 PAPER BAG LUNCH		7		9	 NATURE STUDY	 VARIETY PROGRAM
12	 CANOE RACE	14	 SOCIAL DANCING	 MISS GRAY	 HOCKEY MATCH	 TENNIS TOURNAMENT
 VISITORS DAY	20	 TRACK MEET	 BIRTHDAY	23	24	 BATTLE
 HIKE	27	28	 ARCHERY TOURNAMENT	 EXAMS	 BANQUET	 TORONTO

Description of Camp

Couch - ah - Couch! Limestone terraces, fresh green grass, tall trees, and blue-green water. Mellow warmth by day and black stillness by night. Speed on our oval track and sometimes grace; concentration and a little anxiety on the smooth tennis courts, strength and truth on the straight archery run. And again on the grassy oval, all manner of quickness and skill in the pursuit of hockey or soccer or baseball. And perhaps best of all, the pure joy of contact with that pale water, wonderful in its stillness, more wonderful in its storm. To cut that green magic in easy rhythm, in long lines, was living. Ah - Couch!

Track and Field:

There was a suppressed feeling of excitement amongst the O.A.C. campers on September the twenty-first, of the year nineteen hundred and thirty-seven. It was the day of the track meet and one of success for the senior class who carried the track meet out so efficiently.

Everyone marched on to the track singing, "Stand up and cheer for old M.E.S." following the bearers of the Union Jack. Then Margaret Allin, in a very loud, clear voice, officially declared the meet open. All the juniors joyfully participated in the sports as they were in the very "pink" of condition after having run around the quarter-mile track quite a few times in the previous days. There were five events, the javelin and discus throws, the high and broad jumps and pursuit relay. The javelin sailed and the discus spun through the air with the greatest of ease from the hands of able-bodied Jess Loaring and Anne Lyster respectively. The jumps were run off - winner, Anne Lyster. A new record was made in the broad jump bettering the old mark by two feet. The pursuit relay was won by a team consisting of Jess Loaring Margaret Davison, Gwen Baalim, Kay Reed --- and the meet was over for another year.

Baseball:

The first competition in baseball took place one Saturday, a senior team playing a junior team. In the midst of the game, the elements decided to intervene and the game had to be called off much to the disappointment of the juniors who were trying their hardest to overcome the one-run lead the seniors had made.

However, the juniors proved their ability in the tournament held in the following week, junior A playing senior A, and junior B playing senior B. The junior teams were victors in both cases and overwhelmingly so in the second as the seniors seemed rather short of numbers due to various incapacities. In the play off junior B defeated junior A leading by one point.

Tennis:

Towards the last part of our stay at O.A.C. our tennis enthusiasts broke forth and we had a Junior - Senior match. Phil Dean and Bud Crocker, both Easterners, wielded mean "racquets" for the seniors, and we juniors let "Victoria" uphold our reputation, with Phoebe Hamilton and Sylvia Collier-Wright. Phil and Bud came out on top but the Westerners played nice tennis and put up a good game. The match turned out to be a bit instructive too. Having East play West, roused the competitive enthusiasm in the audience to a very high pitch.

Archery:

The day for the Archery Tournament dawned with a promise of rain, but the weather cleared before the afternoon.

The whole school took part; shooting four ends at twenty and thirty yards and using the Junior Columbia Round for the finals. This resulted in Marjorie Martin winning the event with a score of 380, Lissen Glahn was second with 365, and Muriel Nelles a close third with 360.

The competition was keen and afforded a great deal of excitement among the spectators.

Golf:

There seems to be a general impression that golf took a back seat in the activities at camp in September. This erroneous impression is mainly due to the fact that most campers, tired after their scheduled work, preferred to indulge in less complicated sport during the major period.

A few however with the necessary equipment decided to major in golf and great progress was made under the efficient leadership of Miss Campbell. Our "pro" started her pupils with the preliminaries: grip, position, swing etc., and very soon she trusted them with her own balls.

You all know that Miss Campbell was our dietitian and you all know how enthusiastically we took to her meals! Need I say more?

Canoeing:

Canoeing at Camp last summer was one of the most enjoyed activities. Those juniors who had never been in a canoe before, were introduced into the highly exciting novelty of war canoe racing, the giving of commands, and the rudiments of handling small canoes. The seniors progressed enough to give a good demonstration of the different strokes and methods of handling both the war canoes and the small ones.

One of the high lights of the camp was the war canoe races, between a senior and a junior crew. The seniors brought forth a strong, heavy team while the juniors had a light team, which they were hoping would be swift. The seniors must have had some magnetic appeal, because in both races the juniors almost bumped into them, in fact in the first race they did touch them. We are happy to say the seniors won both races - but the juniors were not far behind after they got straightened out.

Since "Jay" of "Saturday Night" took some very fine pictures of our crews in several different formations, and is showing them in cities all across Canada, we may become famous for our canoeing!

Swimming Demonstration at O. A. C.:

Following the first canoe race between the juniors and the seniors the seniors demonstrated swimming strokes and dives. Lake Couchiching was rough and choppy but in spite of this the fundamentals of each stroke were exceptionally well shown. Lissen Glahn was in charge of the demonstration and added much to the interest by her descriptions and explanations.

The strokes were analyzed separately into arm action, leg action and then shown in combination. Those demonstrating the crawl stroke were: Marjory Leonard, Ruth Thomas (University of Toronto), Jean Thomas, Phyllis Dean, Phyllis Goodfellow, Gwynneth Schenk and Margo Jess.

Those demonstrating the breast stroke were: Peggy Anderson, Rose Levy, Betty Burns, Rosamond Crocker, Margaret Allin and Molly Dallas.

The whole class then did the racing dive and the plain dive.

Visitor's Day:

Well anticipated and looked forward to was the camp Visitor's Day, on Sunday, September 19th. Expectancy and excitement ran high so few noticed, or minded at any rate, the dull sky and chilling wind.

Those of the Senior Class who were not expecting guests, played hostess, greeting the visitors as they arrived and showing the attractive landscaped grounds to those who had come as visitors to the camp and not to a particular student. The other campers entertained their own guests and around four o'clock we all gathered in the Lodge for afternoon tea. The roaring fire, the friendly talk and the very delicious food, graciously served by the Juniors, provided us with an evening of pleasure. It was with regret that we waved goodbye to our visitors but yet awhile later, the sound of Taps with just ourselves to hear it, was somehow pleasant.

Composed at Camp.

Dear Ma, and all the folks at home,
I feel so lost and all alone,
I ache and pain in every bone,
And that's just part of it.

Spring from your hole at the pistol crack,
A quarter-mile around the track,
I'll be a horse when I get back,
And that's just part of it.

The war-canoes, they weigh a ton,
We "pick 'er up" and "let 'er run"
We're seasick e're the class is done,
And that's just part of it.

In the canoes our brains we rack,
To stroke together, never slack,
Someone sprays water down our back,
And that's just part of it.

The hockey field's a dizzy spin,
We bully, dribble and roll in,
And how we take it on the shin,
And that's just part of it.

The test for soccer leaves us low,
A good place kick we try to show,
The ground comes up and hits our toe,
And that's just part of it.

Draw back the yew bow, let her fly,
Adjust your aim, we all know why,
I'm sure that darn bull winks his eye,
And that's just part of it.

Throw out the discus sixty feet,
Let fly the javelin, it's a treat,
But try to keep your rompers neat,
And that's just part of it.

The broad jump is a lot of fun,
We're full of sand before we're done,
But all this keeps us on the run,
And that's just part of it.

O'er the high jump we try to soar,
Our efforts make the others roar,
But we keep coming back for more,
And that's just part of it.

Now every other night is tuck,
We buy a hockey stick, or puck,
To use it takes a lot of pluck,
And that's just part of it.

Get in formation on the court,
To play tennis the favourite sport,
We'll work at a game of any sort,
And that's just part of it.

The pump goes off most every night,
We're minus water, also light,
The nurse is here, so we're all right,
Still that's just part of it.

Tune: "Go In and Out the Windows".

Cabin Three the Slippery Six,
Decided to major but got in a fix,
Instead of arching they set a trap,
And found identical twins in that.

Little Jean Thomas went down to the dock,
When promptly Miss Wardley did take stock.
From head to foot and her head on a slant,
Said, "Jean, you look like a cactus plant."

Betty decided one day that she ought
To try high jumping right on the dot,
Fell into Jean's trunk with an awful plop,
And as a reward discovered blue spots.

Muriel Nelles went down to canoe
Suddenly remembered she'd forgotten her
shoe

Ran back to the cabin with Oh! such force
And there discovered her charlie horse.

Quancie during major did doze,
Answered Letha from repose
"My flash is dangling from my clothes
My tummy aches right to my toes".

To major in hockey our Phyl did go
Because she loves to play it so.
The game was on, the whistle blew,
The ball rolled out and Phyl rolled too.

The Banquet at Camp.

Remember our last night at camp, the night of the banquet? Do you remember how we all trooped into the entrancingly decorated hall, wending our way among the newly-arranged white-clothed tables to find our places by candlelight?

Do you remember how gayly we talked and laughed that night as we recalled the jolly times we had experienced throughout the month? And how surprised we were when a huge white cake, with our own school initials adorning the top, was brought into the dining-room and set before Miss Somers who cut it for us, making a wish at the same time.

Remember the toasts at the end of the dinner? Does this programme sound familiar?

Toast to the King	
To the Staff	Winn MacLennan
Reply	Miss Jackson
To the Seniors	Patty Sterne
Reply	Phyl Dean
Junior Song	
To the Juniors	Margo Jess
Reply	Phoebe Hamilton
Senior Song	
Camp Log	
To the Camp	Muriel Nelles

How charmingly Isabel Callan introduced each speaker, and wasn't Miss Jackson's Lancashire accent a riot? The Juniors' song wasn't half bad considering the time spent on learning it, and the Seniors' song was really lovely. It was more on the lullaby line wasn't it?

I am sure we all thought we would have fits when the camp log was read. Remember "Schenky" starting off each day with "Dear Diary!"

And when Muriel gave the toast to the camp and presented a miniature target to Miss Somers as a remembrance from the Senior Class. I'm sure every one felt sad, realizing that our Seniors would not be with us next year.

Remember how we gathered around the fire after the dinner to sing the old camp songs? And how we laughed when Miss Wardley and Miss Jackson stood up after much persuasion to give the final performance of their song? And Winn played for us too, didn't she?

Let's all hope we have as jolly a banquet next year.

Red autumn leaves are here
And ends our last camp year
We've had such joy and glee
While here at C.A.C.
Such fun and games for all
Joy held us in her thrall
Paddling and Archery. We say
as we're parting
Farewell to you ----

If there's a piano in heaven
We know who we can depend on
To play it all day
In a most pleasant way --
Our very good friend, Winn MacLennan

She's taught some who are Anglo-Saxon
And some of foreign extraction
And always she's gay
And willing to stay
Our widely travelled Miss Jackson.

There is a young lady we've seen
Whose baseball's remarkably keen
We're apt to get dizzy
She pitches so whizzy
This magical wizard named Dean.

There was a young lady most jealous
But the reason she never would tell us
But being a sleuth
We found out the truth
She wanted to be like Miss Nelles.

Darling Diary -- Have you missed me? My Anatomy has been bothering me of late, therefore have not been majoring. But at last I managed to struggle down to tennis. Unfortunately the net was a bit nervous and jumped up and hit the ball after every time I hit it. Thoroughly disgusted and departed for Archery. Immediately hit the bull's eye so continued on to track and field. Threw the javelin such a great distance that it pierced my right toe.

Second day -- Excess energy to-day. Jogged down to boathouse to get me a canoe. Carried out a war canoe. Prepared to embark and embarked in stern. When my back was turned the bow came up and hit me. This peeved me but Miss Jackson had said to major in canoeing, but what she said to him I don't know and anyway Major wasn't in the canoe so I should worry, and I left.

Third day -- Dear Diary - Have worked hard to-day trying to find something about which I know too much. After fifty-five minutes of hard thinking, went to Archery. Point of aim situated in cloud which insisted upon practising the right box of the Waltz. Oh well, to-morrow is another day.

Fourth day -- Dear Diary - Imagine looking for worms and bugs. Well that's just how I majored to-day. You know - I doubt that I shall ever see a poem lovely as a tree.

Fifth day -- This majoring idea is wonderful. It gives one such a wide scope of knowledge in all activities.

Letha's Diary

I went with my bow to Archery,
And I'll confess I'm up a tree,
The techniques I learned are shocking you see
The first one concerned the upper limb
Be careful of breaking when stringing him.
It should be longer and more bent
Than the lower one I learnt.
The climax came when seriously
Miss Somers gave instructions to me,
About the way I held my grip
So that my beau would never slip.
It should be firm yet not too tight,
Around his belly and back, quite right.
At this point embarrassed I became,
And left for home on the very next train.

Monday - Dear Diary - Nobody ever tells me anything! Slept through the majoring period. Oh well, diary, there's life in the old dame yet. Toujour gai Diary - Toujour gai!

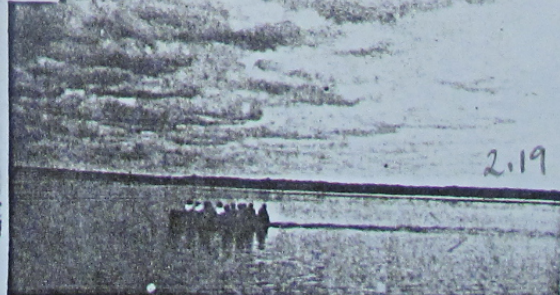
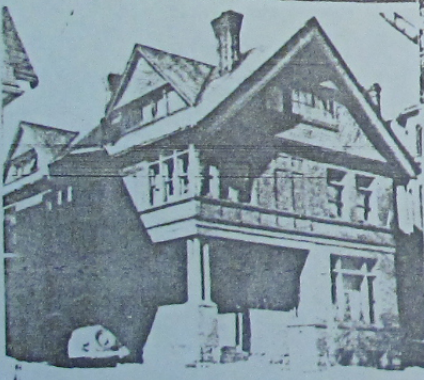
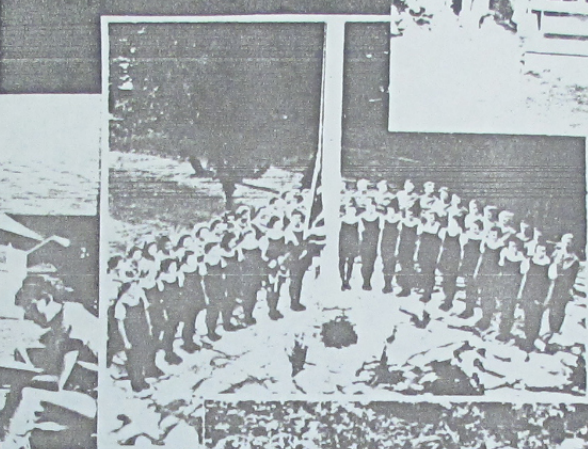
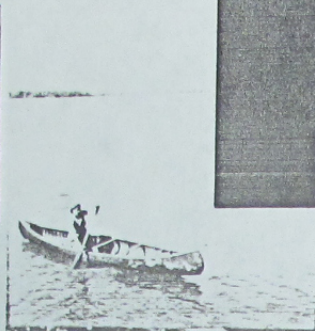
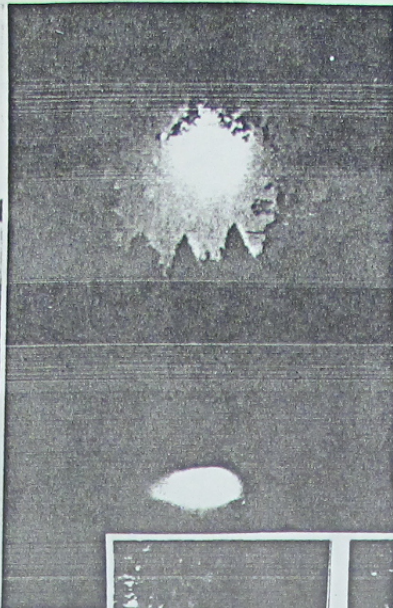
Tuesday - Dear Diary - Felt very energetic to-night. Took the war canoe out for a spin - I picked 'er up forward - stroked her - let 'er run and then held - Half the lake piled up on the shore. Technique improving.

Wednesday - Dear Diary - Majored in swimming to-day - under the shower. Due to loss of noseclip couldn't put my head under.

Thursday - Dear Diary - Learned to-day that weight of discus is 2 lbs. 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ ins. Also learned to swing a mean jav --- J'av I ever had a good time to-day.

Friday - Dear Diary - Took a few minutes off to put curlers in my hair, then played an energetic game of tennis. Won three straight sets only to discover I had no strings in my racquet. Will play with a net and an opponent to-morrow. Game quite superior. How'm I doin'?

Miss Hobday: At least you can put your hand over your mouth when you yawn.
Fraser: What, and get bitten?





The **Margaret Eaton School Digital Collection** is a not-for-profit resource created in 2014-2015 to assist scholars, researchers, educators, and students to discover the Margaret Eaton School archives housed in the Peter Turkstra Library at Redeemer University College. Copyright of the digital images is the property of Redeemer University College, Ancaster, Canada and the images may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email digital images for individual non-commercial use. To learn more about this project or to search the digital collection, go to <http://libguides.redeemer.ca/mes>.